

# BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

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## CARL BROWNE, "WEALER."

Saturday last, Carl Browne, the organizer of the "Commonwealth Army" which marched to Washington in 1894, reached Great Bend in his log cabin caravansary. In the afternoon he spoke on the street, describing the organization, progress, and final disbandment of the famous "Coxey's Army," the object of the new organization, the "Sovereign Citizens of the United States of America," and announced an illustrated lecture in the park in the evening.

While the actions of this so-called agitator were severely criticized by many unthinking men who stood aloof on the street corners and attributed to Browne all sorts of cranky notions without taking the trouble to learn from his own lips "what he was there for," those who listened to his addresses were amply repaid for their trouble, and many complimented the speaker upon the strong points he made against the trusts and monopolies and in favor of the common masses.

On Saturday evening, the following declaration of principles were adopted:

### DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES OF THE S. C. U. S. A.

The government of the United States of America was founded on the theory of the rule of the people, and now, after one hundred years, the ruling powers are corporations and trusts, and the attorney general officially declares powerlessness of the laws to curtail their more than monarchical ravages. So deplorable has the condition of affairs become that the people are hopelessly in debt on bonds and mortgages, with one-half of their debt-paying money—silver—demonetized; a billion dollar steel and iron trust leads all other industrial trusts, all of whom are demoralizing labor and labor unions; raising prices and threatening financial panic; a maniac money commission is seen holding dark lantern sessions, formulating financial legislations for congress that may be called in special session to pass it, which is not only designed to perpetuate the gold standard for money—the foundation stone for all trusts—but to increase the circulation of national bank money, now furnished by our government to these national banks at a cost of one cent on the dollar—cheaper even than counterfeiting—from 90 per cent to the full face value of the bond that draws interest while serving as a basis for banking; the administration is seen shamelessly lending its influence and power to England's "white man's burden" policy in the east, also to resident and foreign syndicates to compel our volunteer soldiers, who enlisted in a war for humanity, and after running the gauntlet of embalmed beef and other vile jobs of contractors put upon them for greed of gain, and amid shot and shell ennobling themselves in glory, to either falter now or shoot down helpless natives of the isles of the seas, while these syndicates exploit their lands over the dead bodies of those who fall fighting, as Washington and our fathers fought, for independence; our country for the past ten years has been the theater of roving bands of idle men, to whose millions are constantly being added, business men, clerks, and professionals, as well as all lines of laborers, all threatening to become the counterparty of the Huns and Vandals that once overran Europe.

All this is clear to thoughtful men and women that it has been brought about, notwithstanding political parties, and there is none so deaf but can hear the Niagara roar of the impending revolution, the Concord Bridge, of which was fought at Homestead in 1892, while the Lexington struggle has just taken place in the Couer de Alene mines, and nothing can stop it, save the quick action of the people quietly and firmly getting together, irrespective of political parties, to assert the sovereignty of the people.

"Whereas, Carl Browne, who originated, organized and successfully marshalled the Commonwealth march to Washington, D. C., in 1894, an initiatory step on this line which only failed of practical result, other than educational, through lack of organization in advance, has been engaged the past two years in agitating and secretly organizing for another march to Washington when the opportune time arrives, having traversed five states and two territories, and he has forged a chain from Washington, D. C., west to Great Bend, every link of which is tried and true men, who thoroughly understand him and his purposes, called the Sov-

ereign Citizens of the United States of America, and the time having come when its strength warrants and its future usefulness requires publicity, it has been determined to commence the public organization of clubs; therefore, be it

Resolved, by this mass meeting of the people of Great Bend, held on June 4, 1899. That this meeting be merged into a club as an integral part of this organization, whose sole aim and object is to simply re-establish the rule of the people by peaceable means; and that the only insignias of this organization be the Stars and Stripes, the shield of Union, the eagle of Freedom and the Goddess of liberty; our only declaration of principles this preamble and resolutions; the only test of membership their endorsement and the only initiation ceremony the wearing of the badge—the head of the Goddess of Liberty printed in aluminum on a red field surrounded by the letters "S. C. U. S. A.," the sale of which to members to raise means to carry on this organization, is hereby authorized.

Resolved, that the secretary of this club and each member of the S. C. U. S. A. be authorized to organize clubs and individual members into this organization by sending the names of the secretary of each club organized or the names of individuals with 10 cents for each name to Carl Browne, Wichita, Kansas, for which they will be sent a badge and constitution of the order.

Knowing that God only helps those who help themselves; believing in the rectitude of our intentions; realizing the magnitude of our undertaking, and appreciating the full import of our actions—nothing short of actually putting into practice the Declaration of Independence—the sovereignty of the people by peaceable petition; to march to Washington, D. C., and to camp there like Grant before Richmond if it "takes all summer" and winter, too, until congress passes laws that will provide for the free and unlimited coinage of silver—more money and less misery—the abolition of all trusts by condemnation and public acquirement and operation, and to protest against imperialism, to the attainment of which "we pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honors."

Our wild-eyed neighbor, the deacon, of the Beacon, apparently received a deep dig in the ribs when the DEMOCRAT announced that his hope for a grand jury in Barton county had been again sidetracked, ditched and demolished. He feels so awful bad about it that he becomes exceedingly personal in an attack upon the DEMOCRAT. We can see him in his agony of despair at his failure to secure his costly pet, a grand jury; see him with one hand tearing those long black tresses that cover the wonderful mechanism of his wheelworks, and with the other grabbing into the cess-pool of foul language and beastly epithets which he flings with the desperation of a madman at the DEMOCRAT. Poor deacon! We had no idea his head was so "set" on a grand jury for Barton county. In some things he has acted rationally; but the way the people have recently sat down upon him has apparently squeezed out of him the little common, horse sense he once possessed. The populists of Barton county are unfortunate in having in their midst this second edition of Whiskers Pepper. Some day the poor fool will come to realize that people will no longer pay any attention to his ravings; and when that realization works its way through his wool it will make him so hot that the water now on his brain will boil over, this great "I am" will burst, and the ranks of the sanctimonious hypocrites who already crowd the halls of the arch-fiend will be increased by one more deacon.

It took eighteen ballots and uncounted thousands of boodle to locate the new state insane asylum at Parsons, according to the general reports.

O, ho! There is a whole lot of boodle talk already mixed up with the Saaley Sunday school administration. That old, Topeka republican war horse, Tom Anderson, openly charges that the committee locating an asylum at Parsons was influenced by boodle. There promises to be a merry shaking up of the g. o. p. politicians on this asylum matter, as well as the boodling connected with the state school book commission.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

We feel better, since the flood.

Everybody is having a fly time these days.

Chille, Friday and Saturday night at McCullough's.

John Clapper, of the northwest, was a caller, Monday.

Corn is growing nicely; also the weeds and fox tail.

Little Beulah DuMont visited relatives in Larned last week.

Jim Sroufe, formerly a barber here has moved to Blackwell, Ok.

The favorite song of the farmer: "O, What Shall the Harvest Be?"

W. F. Putnam was down from McCracken, Sunday, to visit with his family.

WANTED—A few boarders. Mrs. M. A. Barret, 1st house south of Mrs. Parker.

The summer exodus of Great Bend's 400, to the mountains, will soon commence.

Of course the big rain of last week will "rust the wheat." The kicker has said it.

Herb Porter, the Larned druggist, was visiting with Great Bend friends, Monday.

LUNCH—Any kind, any time, any price—and ALL you want—at McCullough's.

Mrs. R. A. Charles left on Friday, on a visit to her parents and sister, at Kansas City.

Shall we have a brick walk around the court yard park? Everybody says "we ought to."

Dr. Phillips—for diseases of the eye or ear—at Hotel Greene, June 10th to 12th, inclusive.

The park seats will soon now be ready for placing where they will do the most good.

A wise man goes away from home to do his lecturing. And he goes home generally to receive it.

Get the bulletin from the prize fight, and also a good lunch, Friday night, at McCullough's.

C. H. Mayer, of Olmitz, was doing business before the board of county commissioners Monday.

A series of revival meetings were commenced at the M. E. church last Sunday. To be continued.

The Clafin Clarion last week caught the supplement infection, and rather laid it over its local competitor.

Joe Ewalt came home the first of the week, from Missouri, to rub up acquaintance with his folks once more.

N. Riedel and wife, of Albion township, are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine, 10 pound boy, one day last week.

The boys up about Otis can play some ball. Last week the Otis club defeated the Galatis club in a score of 21 to 9.

Another splendid rain visited this locality Tuesday—a steady downpour that could not have been finer in any country.

We have not moved yet—you will find us at the old stand with anything you want to eat, at all hours, McCullough's.

S. A. Young was down from Timken, last week, circulating a petition for the conditional pardon of George Grumman.

Clyde Moore, oldest son of Geo. W. Moore, came up last week from Lawrence, where he is attending school, on a short visit.

A Great Bend girl says "there is the Hobson kiss, the Dewey kiss, and many other kisses; but the one I like best is the Schley (sly) kiss."

Mrs. C. M. Smith, wife of the restaurant man, arrived in the city Sunday evening, from Arkansas, and will make her home here.

T. H. Butler, who was recently kicked by a fractious horse, is now able to be about the house a little, though still considerably knocked out.

Levi Gunn, of Buffalo township, who has kept a record of rainfalls for 20 years, says Friday night's rainfall was the heaviest but one in that time.

A number of the Great Bend Knights of Pythias visited the Ellinwood Knights, Monday night of this week, and of course had a splendid time.

Apparently the tail end of a tornado switched across Great Bend about 11 o'clock Sunday. The wind was "mighty mean" for a little while.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, parents of Bert Barnett, have been visiting Bert and wife here for the past week. Their home is at Brownell, Lane county.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, a second hand Rushford Wagon, in good shape. GREAT BEND IMPLEMENT CO.

Rev. Jacob A. Schmidt and son, John J., of Pawnee Rock township, were callers on the DEMOCRAT, Monday.

Shelly Winget, of Albert, came in Monday to take the Santa Fe for Kansas City and the big Woodmen log rolling.

Dick Glassman is in Kansas City this week, as one of the Kansas delegates to the Head Camp of Modern Woodmen of America.

James Kepple and family left for the ranch, up at Kepple, Wichita county, the first of the week, where they will remain for the summer.

The hammock season is now on, and the kind that bags down the most in the middle is the kind the spoony young couples are hunting.

Local papers from surrounding counties are full of reports of horse stealing. It would be well for Barton county people to be on the look out.

Jake Heidley was over from Holsington the first of the week. He is now settled down to a good business as proprietor of the Typer House there.

Last week C. A. Weltner sold his grocery business, the "C. A. Grocery," to his son P. O. Weltner, who will continue the business at the old stand.

FARMS FOR SALE—14 miles west of Santa Fe depot; Great Bend; mostly under cultivation; balance fenced. For particulars enquire of M. Buess.

The deacon, who poses as the sole embodiment of purity and rectitude in this city, should study up on "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

J. R. Bickerdyke, an old time Barton county boy—now quite an old boy, however—was in the city a couple of days last week. His home is at Bunker Hill, Kans.

The Garden City Imprint drops a tear over six young men who came there to attend the Epworth League convention and filled up on beer instead of religious enthusiasm.

An old bachelor says it is better to have remained single and disappointed half a dozen girls for a short time, than to have married and disappointed one woman for a whole lifetime.

I have received my spring and summer suitings and trousers. Please call examine and get prices as I can make you as cheap suit as any tailor.

DIFFENBACHER THE TAILOR.

Fritz Dumkow was down from near Albert, Monday. Says the Friday night rain washed some of his fences away, and also deposited some neighbors' potatoes in the public highway.

Mrs. D. Hugh Hallady and daughter returned from the east Monday evening, deciding that the summer breezes of Kansas are more welcome than hot nights and mosquito screams of the east.

Did you see the real, live octopus in town last Thursday? There were suckers on it by the hundreds, and after its manager had made his spell, there were suckers all about it—at 10 and 15 cents a sucker.

W. W. Tuxall came over from Holsington Saturday and reports that there was more water that morning in the Cheyenne bottoms, from the rain of the night before, than at any one time in the past ten years.

Up in Eureka township the Friday night rain came very near being a water spout. In Walt Corne II's pasture his cattle had to slop around in four or five feet of water, and Walt thinks a few of his young calves were drowned.

Col. Sowards was over from the north side, Monday. He is looking a little peaked, and don't feel first rate, but is mending. He seemed surprised that the DEMOCRAT would give any attention to such a dizzy old mark and dead ducking as the Deacon, of the Beacon.

COMING—Dr. Wm. A. Phillips, specialist in diseases of the eye and ear, will be at Hotel Greene, Great Bend, June 10th, 11th and 12th, 1899. Persons wishing his services should call early on Saturday and make appointments, or make them by mail in advance of that date.

The Holsington ball boys came over Monday afternoon and played the return game with the Great Bend kids, picking our kids again, wosser than before, this time the score being: Holsington 20, Great Bend 9. We'll have to send for the Dartmouth club to take a fall out of Holsington.

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